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## Weekly



## Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. IV.

CLEVELAND, TENN., DECEMBER 25, 1879.

NO. 51.

## The Outcast.

Lead in the morgue there, nobody claiming her,  
Nobly watching beside the young head,  
Nobly missing her, nobody naming her,  
Nobly mourning because she is dead.

Out in the night-breeze the street lamps flare  
Warily,  
Autumn leaves on their branches are  
Whirled.

Yonder, with dead eyes, and down drearily,  
Poor human lost of the world!  
Nobly mourning her, so, a so darling,  
Poor fragile wreck of life's desolate shore,  
Only a Christ dies to share such despairing,  
Murmur forgiveness, and, 'Go, sin no more.

Youthful and fair once, and white-souled and  
winning,  
Pure as the purest that ever drew breath,  
Freed from sin in its bud and beginning,  
Here, with a kiss, stung its heavily to death.

Poor wretched heart—with no arms to enfold  
it,  
Orusted and wronged of its tenderest needs,  
Like some frail vine, with no good thing to  
hold it,  
Turning at last to entwine about weeds.

On life's stage to find all the crowd kissing  
her—  
Whispering and striving to hide her poor  
face,  
Long for aims that forever were missing  
her,  
And falling to shame and disgrace!

In the morgue there is no more to worry  
her,  
Only love nor brightness draw near,  
Only purity even to help bury her,  
Too holy to give her a tear.

Some sound from the ranks un-  
expected,  
A voice—a woman's kind tone—  
'The faithful to leave her neglected,  
Here, on and dead here alone.'

Here, 'twas said: 'Our fingers shall spin  
white as any for saint in the land,  
Here all sinners—and she was a sinner—  
Let her receive Christian rites at our hands.

For murdered creature, our hearts know the  
aching,  
Love turned a liar can give with a sneer;  
All of us know just what cruel forsaking  
shattered this girl's life and hurried her  
here.'

She tenderly—around her all white—  
Twice the roses in crown and in crown,  
Her tired feet and hands decently, right-  
ly—  
And these women there—they 'of the  
town.'

So to that shrine in the morgue brought the  
precious,  
Left her for whom nobody would own—  
All the words of Christ Jesus, the Teacher,  
And the words of his kin cast the first  
stone.

Why her—they the unholy,  
Give her their pity and care,  
For her—the lost and the lowly  
—no recognition up there?

Age which the angel was smiling  
Of the lost, a great glory swept  
When in luminous writing  
The women there—they 'of the  
FUTURE.'

THE FIVE MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

A REAL TRUE STORY.

Most husbands and wives, if we may  
credit all they say, find it difficult to  
live in the same house with a mother-  
in-law, but 'Old Sol B.' (as he was  
commonly called), of Boston, dwelt in  
peace and comfort for several years with  
five ladies bearing that relation to him.

When I first knew that old gentleman  
he appeared to be about fifty, but was  
in reality about sixty-eight, and had a  
charming wife who was then twenty-six,  
and two lovely children, a boy and a  
girl, one seven, the other five. His  
children by his first wife were all mar-  
ried, and some of his grandchildren  
were also married, and themselves had  
children older than Mr. B.—'s two  
youngest.

On the first day of my visit at his  
pleasant home not many miles from Bos-  
ton, as I took my place at the dinner  
table with Mrs. B.—, I was surprised  
to see five old ladies come into the room  
together, and to be introduced to each  
of them as follows: 'My own mother,  
Mrs. B.—, senior; my next mother,  
Mrs. Henry; my third mother, Mrs.  
James; my fourth mother, Mrs. William;  
my fifth mother, Mrs. John.'

Mrs. B.—, senior, who seemed the  
youngest of the old ladies, laughed aloud  
at my look of consternation—a melo-  
dious laugh for one of her years—and  
every one smiled but Mr. B.—, who  
invoked the blessing with his usual air  
and led the table talk on different topics.  
That evening in the parlor, young Mrs.  
B.— gave us some music, and the old  
ladies retired early one after another,  
the 'own mother' going last, when she  
was tenderly assisted up stairs by her  
son. On his return Mr. B.— said to  
me, with a smile of amusement:

'I see that you are, as the ladies say,  
trying to know what all this means. I  
suppose I shall tell you that I have  
five mothers-in-law, because I always  
saw the effect produced by my  
own mother on other people. You, for  
example, differently, all alone;

but I have  
very short  
day expo-

place my  
household. I  
she arrived.

them all; they

I have four  
own mother

is my wife's mother-in-law, of course that  
makes five mothers-in-law in our house.  
Now, as my wife is just going to her lit-  
tle ones' nursery, I will tell you about  
my old ladies.

'When I married my first wife, her  
mother, who was a widow, came to live  
with us. She was a good creature, and  
had seen pretty hard times, having sup-  
ported herself by school-teaching and  
sewing for several years, and she seemed  
to greatly enjoy my comfortable home—  
I was always a thriving man of business.  
So one day I said to her, 'Now, mother,  
there is no reason why you shouldn't  
make your home with us always while  
you live; you can bring your own furni-  
ture, if you choose, or you need not; the  
room you now occupy shall be your own  
always, and beside what my wife may do  
I will give you fifty dollars a year for  
your clothes (that was an ample sum for  
a woman to have all to herself in those  
times). You can teach if you wish to,  
or do anything else to earn money if you  
wish to; you will always be welcome to  
our table and parlor, or, if you prefer,  
you can cook for yourself in your own  
room. Only one thing I will exact in  
return—you must never make any mis-  
chief nor quarrel with anybody in my  
house about anything. And if some-  
times you are displeased you must go to  
your room and point it out alone, and  
only join us again when you feel pleas-  
ant. For I won't be worried, and least  
of all I will have my wife worried by  
anybody. Now, mother, what do you  
say?'

She only said, 'You are a good man,  
Solomon B.—, and the Almighty will  
reward you, and I thank you from my  
heart. I will do my part.'

So I never had any trouble with her.  
We all lived together twenty years, and  
then my wife had an attack of pneumo-  
nia and died—and soon after that my  
own mother was left a widow and came  
to live with me. My mother is only  
sixteen years older than I am, and being  
so lively and smart she seemed quite  
like a younger sister to mother Henry,  
and they got on easily together. But  
after awhile, when the children were all  
about grown, I got so lonesome that I  
coaxed a real nice, sensible lady of Phil-  
adelphia, not handsome, but just as  
good as gold, to marry me; I told her all  
about my old ladies, and found she had  
two mothers living with her, her own  
mother and her husband's mother. They  
had neither of them any property, but  
she owned a house and took boarders in  
it to support them all.

Well, I made the same proposition to  
her old ladies that I had made to my  
mother-in-law, and they both agreed.—  
Then I went home and built an addition  
to my house, and soon brought my sec-  
ond wife and her mothers there. We  
had some occasional pointing at first, but  
I always held two points without yield-  
ing—I was the master in my own house,  
and would never let anybody worry my  
wife. So, pretty soon, my four-in-hand  
learned to travel smoothly together.

'Ah, me! I looked forward to a happy  
old age with that dear wife, but in two  
years she was killed by a railway acci-  
dent. I was with her on the train, and  
was badly hurt, lying for weeks in a  
state of unconsciousness. When I re-  
covered, my dear wife's grave was green.  
I felt so bad, and my health was so poor,  
that I did not care for a woman again  
until all my children were married and  
I was left alone with my four old  
ladies.

'Then I met a pretty little romantic  
widow, who was 'so sorry' for me! She  
wrote poetry and painted pictures, and  
was dying all the while of consumption  
—that scourge of our city; and I thought  
as she had a struggle to take care of  
herself and her husband's mother, I  
would smooth her passage to the grave.  
'So I married her and her mother—I  
mean—well, you know what I mean. I  
treated her mother-in-law just as I did  
the other old ladies, and that wife lived  
seven years after all. I made her so  
happy that she adored me, and we had  
the sweetest baby you ever saw! Oh,  
what a lovely creature that child was—  
a little angel! She lived only three years,  
and then faded away. But I have several  
beautiful pictures of her, painted by her  
mother.'

'And did you have no trouble with  
that mother-in-law?'

'Not while her daughter-in-law lived; she  
was always taking care of her sick  
child and grandchild. But when Emma  
was gone and all seemed quiet again,  
the old lady wanted to marry me.'

'What! Emma's mother-in-law?'

'Yes. She was a handsome woman  
still, and she knew it; about my age, and  
no relation whatever; so she set her cap  
at me.'

'And that was a commotion in the  
house?'

'Well, yes. Yes, it did. I never  
knew my mother to get into a real rage  
till then. She was mad! She told me  
to go right off and get a young wife—the  
younger the better! Then I got mad!  
I stormed away at all my old ladies to-  
gether; threatened to break up house-  
keeping and turn them out upon the  
world, away from the pleasant home  
which they had enjoyed so long that they  
really believed to be theirs.

'Finally, I declared I would have them  
in it, to fight like Kilkenny cats, while  
I would live at a hotel in the city. And  
I kept my word. I lived at one hotel

after another, but always went home on  
Saturday nights to go to church the next  
morning as usual, and take my old ladies  
for a drive in the afternoon as usual, so  
that the neighbors should not be gossiping  
about us.

'How good they were to me then!—  
They lived together like a nest of kit-  
tens. But my mother assured me that  
peace would not last long if I lived at  
home without a wife; so when I met a  
pretty little orphan girl who had not a  
relative in the world, I told her all about  
my affairs, and the sweet creature, with  
tears of pity in her eyes, consented to  
marry me and be good to my old lad-  
ies. And she kept her word, both in  
letter and spirit, and I am thankful  
that life has given me so many bless-  
ings!'

Just then, young Mrs. B.— returned,  
and though I observed through the  
evening that her manner toward her  
husband was more that of a beloved and  
loving daughter than of a wife, yet she  
appeared more serenely happy than any  
woman I remember to have seen.

This story is from life, excepting that  
I have changed all the names. Sol B.—  
has been dead some years; the wife he  
left was as just and manly as his other  
acts.—*New York Mail.*

America's Egyptian Obelisk.

Gen. Loring, lately of the Egyptian  
army, describes the obelisk which Lieut.  
Goring is preparing to move to New  
York as much better preserved than the  
one taken to London. The latter was  
buried in the sand for a hundred years  
before its removal. The New York  
trophy is one of the oldest obelisks in  
the world, and was constructed during  
the splendid era of art of the twelfth  
dynasty, a thousand years before Joseph.  
The hieroglyphs upon it are very  
distinct. It is the color of a brown-stone  
front. It came from the famous quarry  
six hundred miles above Cairo, and is  
about seventy feet high. The granite  
when fresh from the quarry sparkles  
like jewels. There was great surprise  
among the Egyptians when it became  
known that the khedive had given it  
away, as it was the only object of great  
historical interest left at Cairo, and the  
first object seen on approaching the city  
from the sea. When England was  
removing her obelisk there was general  
rejoicing in Egypt when it was reported  
as lost at sea, and there must be great  
hostility to the removal of the last of  
the obelisks. Gen. Loring says that the  
former khedive was very much surprised  
when England paid the Alabama claims,  
and was thereby persuaded that no  
other nation in the world held England  
so fearlessly responsible for her acts as  
the United States. From this he imag-  
ined that American friendship might avail  
him somewhat, and he made her a pres-  
ent of the obelisk. The grandest of all  
obelisks is still sacred in the temple of  
Kamak. It is a hundred feet high, and  
is the most beautifully cut and engraved  
of all known obelisks. The one now in  
Paris was taken from this temple, and  
is the second in height, but the New  
York obelisk is a thousand years older  
than either of the others. The most  
interesting one historically is still at  
Heliopolis, and is the only object left  
of the splendid city of On. It was cut 3064  
B. C., and preserves all the style and  
grandeur of the finest sculpture of that  
brilliant epoch of Egyptian art. It  
stood in front of the temple of the Sun,  
of which Joseph's father was the priest,  
where Moses learned his Egyptian wis-  
dom, and where Plato, Solon and Pytha-  
goras learned their philosophy.

The Khedive's 'Magnificent' Present.

A New York letter-writer, speaking of  
the jewels presented to Gen. Sherman's  
daughter by the khedive of Egypt  
some years ago, says: These 'magnif-  
icent diamonds,' as many papers denomi-  
nate them, seem to have been a snare  
and delusion from beginning to end.—  
First, when they arrived, they were said  
to be worth \$350,000, of fabulous beauty,  
and set with wonderful skill. At this  
valuation the duties would have been  
something enormous, and it could not  
have been wondered, therefore, that the  
general was determined on a strict ex-  
amination. It was held, and it has been  
rumored that the Shermans have since  
regretted their demand, for the exami-  
nation by experts revealed that the set  
was worth \$15,000 only, instead of \$350,000.  
One of the experts who handled  
them told me a short time ago that out  
of the 686 stones used, over 200 were  
mere 'chips,' worth on the average  
twenty-five cents each; they ranged from  
that up to ten dollars, and a few used  
as centers at eighty dollars. The mount-  
ing is very fine, but take the gift all in  
all, it was not so Oriental splendid as  
pictured. The duties amounted to \$3,000,  
and that Gen. Sherman refused to pay.  
For a year they remained in the  
keeping of the customhouse, when, after  
much trouble, a bill was pushed through  
Congress permitting them to be claimed  
duty free. They were worn a few times,  
and now are sealed up in the United  
States treasury's office.

The reading room of the British mu-  
seum contains three miles of bookcases  
eight feet high. The dome whence the  
electric light irradiates the vast room is  
next to that of the Pantheon at Rome,  
the largest extent.

## What to do in Case of Poisoning.

A physician writing in *Lippincott's*  
on the subject of poisons and their an-  
tidotes, gives a list of the more common  
substances which can cause death, with re-  
commendations for the treatment of the  
patient, which it would be well to save  
for reference, as poisoning accidents are  
frequent, and lives often lost through  
ignorance of what remedy to apply. In  
case of poison being swallowed, it is es-  
sential that some one keep perfectly cool  
in order to be in full possession of their  
reasoning powers and thus act intelli-  
gently. First send for a physician, and  
pending his arrival, apply at once the  
simple remedies as advised in the follow-  
ing list:

When the poison is unknown, provoke  
repeated vomiting, give bland liquids  
and stimulate if necessary.

For sulphuric, nitric, muriatic or ox-  
alic acid—alkali; vomiting; bland fluids;  
acetic acid; stimulate if necessary.

For tartaric, soda, potash, lye or  
other alkali—acid; vomiting; bland  
liquids; rest; stimulate if necessary.

For Paris green or other arsenic—  
repeated vomiting; diazotized iron and  
salt; castor oil; rest; stimulate.

For sugar of lead—Epsom salts; re-  
peated vomiting; bland liquids; castor  
oil.

For corrosive sublimate or tartar emet-  
ic—repeated vomiting; strong tea with-  
out milk; raw eggs and milk; castor oil;  
stimulate if necessary.

For phosphorus—vomiting; five-  
grain doses of sulphate of copper; mag-  
nesia; no oil.

For laudanum, paregoric or other  
opium, or chloral—repeated vomiting;  
strong coffee without milk; artificial res-  
piration.

For strychnine—repeated vomiting;  
purgative; absolute quiet.

For arsenite—vomiting; stimulate well.

For lunar caustic or nitrate of silver—  
plenty strong salt and water; repeated  
vomiting.

For alcohol—vomiting; hartshorn and  
water.

For hemlock, nightshade (belladonna),  
jimson weed or tobacco—vomiting; stimu-  
late well.

Vomiting is easily produced with plenty  
of warm water in which ground must-  
ard has been thrown, or by thrusting a  
finger down the throat. Bland liquids  
are milk, eggs, oil or gruel.

Best stimulants are tea, coffee, whis-  
ky, wine, or hartshorn and water. Al-  
kaline antidotes are hartshorn and wa-  
ter, soap and water, lime, soda, chalk,  
plaster, magnesia or even wood ashes.  
Acid antidotes are vinegar or lemon  
juice. As haste is essential, never wait  
for any antidote to dissolve, but stir and  
give entire.

America's Greatest Bridge.

A New York journal remarks: People  
who cross to and from Brooklyn by ferry  
are apt to look up at the great East  
river bridge and wonder what assurance  
they have that when the heavy floor is  
built and loaded with travel, it will be  
safely held up by the suspending cab-  
les. These cables have just been tested  
by a machine which is the most elabo-  
rate and perfect of its kind in the world.  
It is the one planted on the govern-  
ment grounds at the Waterworks,  
Mass., arsenal, designed by Mr. A. H.  
Emery, and is, indeed, a marvel of  
skilled construction, for it shows how  
many ounces are needed to break a piece  
of thread, and how many tons to fracture  
a steel beam. The apparatus is micro-  
scopic in accuracy, inasmuch that it  
registers, in a breaking weight of a mil-  
lion pounds, within one pound of the  
mass needed. This was the machine se-  
lected to test the suspending cables, and  
Messrs. William H. Payne and Isaac  
Newton, engineers connected with the  
Brooklyn bridge, recently spent four  
days in the tests at the arsenal, which  
is under charge of Col. T. S. Laidley,  
of the ordnance corps. Instead of using  
small sections of the suspending cables,  
they took lengths that would make the  
results decisive. Not to go into techni-  
calities, the tests were entirely satisfac-  
tory, and showed that the precautions  
taken in putting together the parts were  
ample for their purpose. The suspending  
cables were found by the engineers to  
possess a strength much greater than  
is required to resist the strain that will  
be put upon them in actual use. A  
thought suggested by this test is that it  
is a matter of regret that a machine so  
useful should be left on one side of the  
central lines of iron and steel construction.  
It cost the government nearly a  
hundred thousand dollars, and it would  
be well to have it used freely by the  
people.

A Thousand Dollars Spent to Get Ten.

The Winchester, Ky., *Democrat* says:  
The suit of Elijah Moore against Dud-  
ley Wade, for about an eighth of an acre  
of land, occupied Friday, Saturday and  
the greater portion of Tuesday in the  
court room. Many witnesses were in-  
troduced, much learning brought out,  
on the subject of surveying, and a great  
deal of interest shown by the parties to  
the action and their friends. This is  
the second suit growing out of the dis-  
pute over this land, and it is estimated  
that the litigation has cost not less than  
\$1,000. The land is worth about \$10.  
The jury brought in a verdict for plain-  
tiff, giving him what he claimed.

## Slightly Scared.

The Morrilton, Ark., *State* relates this:  
After the war ended, where once was a  
beautiful wood lot was now an unsightly  
waste, through which now meandered  
a small creek, and when the spring came  
the blue grass grew as luxuriantly upon  
it as ever. It was about a mile from  
town, and Major Billy was in the habit  
of riding out of an evening to graze his  
horse. One evening, to his surprise,  
he saw fifteen or twenty large yellow  
snakes lying on a sandbar in the creek.  
He rode back home, got a minnow-net  
and soon landed them.

Running after the fish had heated him  
considerably, as the weather was warm;  
he pulled off his coat, unbuttoned his  
collar, and, wrapping the halter around  
his right hand, lay down on the side of  
a bush to cool off. While lying on his  
back and looking up at the clouds pass-  
ing slowly over him, his thoughts re-  
verted to the time when the Federals  
evacuated Tennessee, and the box of  
cartridges he fished up out of the creek,  
and how he and his son William, after  
taking off the balls, put the powder in a  
large iron pot and set it by the fire to  
dry—the fire popped, a coal described a  
segment of a circle and dropped in the  
powder. 'Fall back, William, fall back!'  
says the major. William had 'done  
fell' out of the door.

While reminiscing on such pleasant  
reminiscences, the major fell asleep.—  
He can tell the balance. He said: 'My  
friend, God bless you, something crawl-  
ing over my face waked me. I thought  
at first it was the halter, but there was  
a cold, slick feeling about the thing that  
made my flesh crawl. I opened my eyes;  
there was a large water moccasin, his  
head raised about six inches above my  
nose, one glittering eye looking straight  
into mine, his tongue playing in and  
out of his mouth like sheet lightning  
during a hurricane.

'My friend, God bless you, I expect I  
hollered, for the snake ducked his head,  
and seeing my shirt collar open, and  
thinking it a safe hiding place, glided  
down into my bosom. Stranger, I have  
had the cholera, the smallpox, been  
blown up with gunpowder, shot by the  
Yankees, but that was the worst scrape  
I ever got into. That snake was squirm-  
ing about the pit of my stomach, his  
head on one side, his tail on the other,  
just a tickling me on the short ribs.—  
How I got out of that I don't know.  
The first thing I recollect was seeing  
that snake's tail disappear under a pile  
of brush in the creek.'

'Major, was you scared?'

'Well, slightly, stranger, God bless  
you, slightly. Yes, sir, slightly.'

Cursed Russia.

A dispatch from Berlin to the *Times*  
says: Diphtheria, which for several  
years has made ravages in Russia, seems  
now to be gaining more and more  
ground. The disease, says the *Novoe  
Vremya*, has attained such frightful  
proportions in some regions that the  
percentage of mortality far exceeds that  
of the births. In the small district of  
Mirgorod, where the epidemic has been  
raging since 1875 until now, 414 per-  
sons succumbed to the disease in 1876,  
and in 1877 no fewer than 1,308 persons  
died. In Odessa, since May last, diph-  
theria snatched away seventy-five per-  
cent of the children, and in Slavropol,  
in the course of four months, one half  
of the infant population fell victims to  
the disease. In Kishineff and in the  
vicinity of Kieff and Poltava the epi-  
demic has been raging for the last two  
years without interruption. In the  
village of Kharkoff, fifty children died  
in the course of two weeks. In the  
hamlet of Nakomobka more than 200  
infants have been carried away by the  
disease since January last, in addition  
to a large number of adults. In the  
village of Tamorofka not one child has  
escaped the epidemic. The Maropol  
district showed an average daily death  
roll of ten. The *Novoe Vremya* adds  
a long list of places where diphtheria  
is raging in the same frightful degree,  
and even more. More than eleven vast  
districts are afflicted with the disease.  
The mortality, both of the youthful and  
adult population, is so enormous that  
the government has appointed a special  
commission under Mr. Karel, physician  
in ordinary to the emperor, to inquire  
into the causes of the epidemic, and has  
issued strict injunctions to the local au-  
thorities about the measures to be adopt-  
ed for the arrest and extinction of the  
disease.

They linger by the brookside no longer.  
No longer by the sunset's ruddy  
glow do they, hand in hand, stray down  
the leafy path contemplating the beau-  
ties of nature and the loveliness of each  
other. By the palisade's feeble flicker,  
with the genial warmth of the parlor  
register all pervading, they sit and sigh  
the hours away. 'Thine love, 'Thine love.'  
'Thine lover, far than it will be when in  
future years the cold chill of indiffer-  
ence takes possession of their hearts,  
and they have a first class 'jaw' every  
morning as to who shall be first to step  
a foot upon the frigid olecloth.

Two children of Columbus Deal were  
killed and another dangerously sick-  
ened, near Goldsboro, Va., by eating  
nightshade berries.

## How President Jackson's Nose Was Tweaked.

The recent death of Mrs. Eaton, in  
Washington, recalls an incident of 'Old  
Hickory's' career which had passed out  
of the minds of most people. We refer  
to the occasion on which the President's  
nose was pulled by a naval lieutenant.  
Robert Beverly Randolph, the aggres-  
sor, was a member of the famous family  
of the same name residing in Virginia,  
and had been promoted and honored by  
the country and his native state for gal-  
lantry. He was connected with the same  
ship as Purser Timberlake, Mrs. Eaton's  
first husband, who committed suicide at  
sea, and was directed to take charge of  
his books and office, which he did dur-  
ing the cruise. On squaring the ac-  
counts when he arrived at the navy-  
yard, an embezzlement was discovered,  
and as there was nothing to show  
whether it occurred during Timberlake's  
administration or Randolph's, the latter  
was court-martialed. Meanwhile Mrs.  
Timberlake had married Gen. Eaton,  
one of Jackson's warmest friends; and  
as the ladies of the capital attempted to  
ostracise her, the gallant old man val-  
iantly took up the cudgels in her be-  
half and insisted on her recognition.

According to the rule of the navy de-  
partment the sum embezzled had to be  
made good. So if it was found Tim-  
berlake was the guilty party, the large sum  
would have to come out of the estate  
held by his former widow, now Mrs.  
Eaton, of whom Jackson was an ardent  
admirer. Thus it was that Randolph's  
friends claimed the President influenced  
the court-martial to find him answer-  
able, which it did in a remarkable ver-  
dict, declaring that while there was  
nothing in the case to affect the integ-  
rity of Randolph, he was liable for the  
sum. Randolph refused to pay, where-  
upon Jackson instantly dismissed him the  
service. Shortly afterward the Presi-  
dent stopped at Alexandria, Va., on a  
steamer while on his way to lay a cor-  
nerstone to a monument to Washington's  
mother, and he held a levee in the cabin  
to receive the citizens, when Randolph  
made his way to him and pulled his  
nose, which is described by a spectator:

There are now living in Alexandria  
two persons, the only Alexandrians who  
were eye-witnesses of the assault, ex-  
Mayor Hugh Latham and Alderman  
Samuel Janney. Mr. Janney, now one  
of the oldest citizens of the town, was  
then engaged in business on the river  
front. Seeing the crowd, and hearing  
that Gen. Jackson was on the wharf, he  
went on board to get a sight of the hero  
of New Orleans, and pushed forward  
into the cabin, where (the writer fol-  
lows his narration) he saw Gen. Jackson  
sitting beside the dining-table, which  
was almost as wide as the saloon, leaving  
but a narrow space between the wall and  
the table. Into this narrow space Mr.  
Janney crowded himself, and was com-  
ing up toward the President when a  
bustling behind him attracted his atten-  
tion, and on turning he saw Randolph  
advancing in haste into the same nar-  
row way. Instinctively he gave place,  
and Randolph passed him. He heard  
Jackson say, 'Never mind your gloves,'  
and Randolph's angry response, and  
saw Randolph seize the President by the  
nose and force him back. Randolph  
continued his grip on the President's  
nose for fifteen or twenty seconds. The  
President cried, 'Oh! oh!' his mouth  
being open and his cry having the nasal  
twang imparted to it by Randolph's  
tight grip upon his nose. When Ran-  
dolph released his grasp the President  
fell backward, partly on the table. Mr.  
Janney, as Randolph sidled out, amid  
assaults from several persons, gave way  
for him, and he hurried out the saloon  
door. By this time the President had  
risen and come forward to the open  
space in the rear of the table. 'Who is  
that man?' he asked, his voice elevated  
to a high pitch. Some one replied 'It  
is Randolph, the lieutenant you have  
just discharged from the navy.'

Just at this point an inn-keeper, Wm.  
Thomas, broke into the crowd, scarcely  
able to speak for indignation. 'General,'  
he blurted out, 'if you will promise to  
reprove me upon the gallows, I will  
follow him and kill him.' The President  
answered with some show of calmness,  
'No, sir; don't touch a hair of his head,'  
and then shaking, as if beside himself  
with rage, 'but bring him to me and I  
will send him hence. He is the scound-  
rel that I dismissed from the navy for  
robbing a brother officer.'

The Law's Delay.

The celebrated instance of the law's  
delays in the case of *Jarndyce vs. Jar-  
ndyce* has been entirely thrown into the  
shade by a case brought to light by a  
recent decision of the supreme court of  
Hungary, Austria. It was a suit to get  
rid of an alleged wrongful occupier of a  
large family estate, which was entered  
in 1768, and having passed through all  
the phases of Hungarian litigation, was  
finally decided by the casting of the  
wrongful claimant, October 28, 1879,  
one hundred and eleven years after the  
action began. Meanwhile, of course,  
the wrongful claimant had enjoyed the  
property, and gradually eaten it up in  
paying lawyers' fees; and the family  
estate, when at last given over to the  
heirs of the rightful owner, had dwindled  
down to a small pile of rocks.

Charles Deade has made \$175,000 by  
his writings. His income is \$7,000.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

There are said to be three hundred  
American art students now in Paris.

Sealing wax is not wax at all, nor  
does it contain a particle of wax. It is  
made of shellac, Venice turpentine and  
cinnabar. The latter gives it a deep  
red color, and the turpentine renders  
the shellac less brittle.

Twenty-five barrels of the finest  
American winter wheat flour, made by  
the newly-patented process, were sold  
to fill an order direct from the house-  
hold of the queen of England. The  
price paid was nine dollars per barrel.

A man at Bloomington, Ind., has for  
several years believed he was a dog.—  
The people did not object as long as he  
confined his demonstrations to barking  
at those who passed his house, but  
when he began to bite, then they locked  
him up.

Parties on the Pacific coast having  
stolen vast quantities of timber from  
public lands, a special agent was recent-  
ly sent to look up the matter, and suc-  
ceeded in seizing 1,000,000 feet of logs  
already cut, which he sold at public  
auction